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PART FIVE OF SEVEN

COSMOS IN COLLISION

QUASAR™

AVENGED BY GHOST RIDER

50 YEARS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991

WENDELL VAUGHN . . . THE FIRST EARTH MAN EVER APPOINTED PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. BONDED TO THE ENERGY-TRANSFORMING QUANTUM-BANDS THAT ARE BOTH WEAPONS AND SYMBOLS OF HIS STATION, HE FIGHTS AN ONGOING BATTLE TO DEFEND ALL LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE FROM COSMIC EVIL!

STAN LEE PRESENTS . . .

THE STILLNESS OF THE EARTH

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MILKY WAY GALAXY THERE IS A PLANET WHERE **SENTIENT BEINGS** FROM OVER A THOUSAND DIFFERENT WORLDS HAVE BEEN GATHERED AND PLACED IN SEPARATE **HABITATS.**

AMONG THEM, TWO SUPERHUMAN DENIZENS OF **EARTH**... THE DISSIDENT SOVIET SCIENTIST WHO CALLS HIMSELF, **THE PRESENCE** AND THE WOMAN HE HAS COERCED TO BE HIS COMPANION, **STARLIGHT.**

FOR WHAT SEEMS TO BE **YEARS** NOW, THE TWO HAVE TROD THE RADIOACTIVE RUINS OF THEIR ARTIFICIAL ENVIRONMENT, SEARCHING FOR **FOOD, ESCAPE,** OR SOME KNOWLEDGE OF THE ENTITY WHO **CAPTURED** THEM.

ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY IN THE RECENT PAST, THEY WILL FIND **NONE** OF THOSE THINGS. THEY WILL, HOWEVER, PLAY HOST TO A PORTENTOUS **VISITOR**...

STANIA-- LOOK! DO YOU SEE IT? A FACE-- A **FIGURE**--IN THE SMOKE!>*

* TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.

PROLOGV

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WHO ARE YOU? OUR *CAPTOR*? IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

I AM *ANOMALY*, A FELLOW PRISONER HERE.

IF YOU ARE A *PRISONER*, HOW IS IT YOU MOVE ABOUT FREELY?

IT IS MY *BODY* THAT IS HELD CAPTIVE. MY *SPIRIT* IS FREE TO WANDER.

HAVE YOU *LEARNED* ANYTHING IN YOUR WANDERINGS? DO YOU KNOW WHO HAS *DONE* THIS TO YOU?

I *HAVE* LEARNED SOMETHING. NOT OF OUR CAPTOR BUT SOMETHING OF FAR *GREATER* CONSEQUENCE.

WHAT COULD BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN *ESCAPE* FROM THIS DESOLATE ENVIRON?

HE IS *HERE*...?

THE END OF THE UNIVERSE. I HAVE LEARNED THAT THERE IS THIS ANCIENT BEING NAMED *EON* WHO KNOWS HOW TO *COLLAPSE THE COSMOS*.

NO, THIS BEING CURRENTLY RESIDES ON *EARTH*--THE WORLD THAT *YOU* ARE FROM.

HOW DID YOU KNOW--?

I HAVE AN AFFINITY FOR ANOMALOUS INFORMATION.

IF WE SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE *FREED*, I STRONGLY URGE YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR WORLD, AND *DISABLE* THIS EON AT ALL COSTS. NOW--I GO!

GULLIBLE FOOLS. BELIEVING *ME* TO BE A MERE *FELLOW PRISONER*.

EVEN NOW THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK TO LIBERATE THIS LABORATORY-WORLD. AND WHEN THE PRESENCE RETURNS TO EARTH, HE WILL ATTACK EON WHICH WILL BRING EON'S CHAMPION *QUASAR* INTO THE FRAY.

QUASAR WILL MISTAKE THE PRESENCE FOR THE *MENACE* TO THE UNIVERSE EON HAD APPOINTED HIM TO *COMBAT*, TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT IT IS *I* WHO AM IT.

IT IS *THEN* I SHALL STRIKE.

BUT BEFORE I QUIT THIS DREARY SPHERE, I WILL CALL UPON THE THREE *WEIRD SISTERS* BEING HELD HERE. I BELIEVE THEY WILL BE *HONORED* TO BECOME LOVE-SLAVES TO THE MAN WHO SHALL DESTROY THE UNIVERSE.

THE PRESENT.

THE LONG ISLAND ESTATE CURRENTLY OWNED BY **ANOMALY**, ALIAS **MALCOLM STROMBERG**, ALIAS THE **COSMIC ASSASSIN**, ALIAS **MAELSTROM**.

THERE IS A **DEMON** AT HIS GATE.

HIS NAME--THE **GHOST RIDER**

THOUGH I HAVE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE, I KNOW THAT INNOCENT BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILLED ON THESE GROUNDS.

I AM DRAWN TO SUCH BLOOD, LIKE A MOTH TO THE FLAME.

BUT THIS MOTH IS ALREADY ON FIRE, AND SHALL EXACT VENGEANCE UPON ALL THOSE WHO LIT THE FLAME.

brnnt brnnt brnnt

WHAT--? THE PERIMETER ALARM!

WHO WOULD DARE--?!?

BEAUTY! GO DOWN TO THE CELLAR AND RELIEVE GRONK GUARDING THE PRISONERS!

TRUTH! CHARM! HELP ME REMOVE MY WEIGHTED SHOES!

WHO IS IT, LEO? WHO WOULD BREACH THE MASTER'S DOMAIN?

WHOEVER IT IS WILL FIRST HAVE TO ANSWER TO ME--

--HELIO, LORD OF THE AIR--

--ULP.

WHEN INNOCENTS HAVE DIED... THE GUILTY SHALL PAY!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU *ARE*, CLOWN?

I AM THE *SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE*...

WHOKK

...AND MY WRATH IS *LEGEND*.

ALL LIVING THINGS KNOW FEAR, MISTER MOTORCYCLE--

--AND *PHOBIUS* IS THE KING OF FEARRRRRRRRR--

KRNNK

WHO SAID I WAS *LIVING*?

NHH--

NHH--

NHH--

NHH--

THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS... I HAVE SEEN IT SPILT IN MANY PLACES IN MY TIME.

...BUT NEVER IN SO ORNATE A SETTING AS THIS.

THIS MANSION REEKS OF EVIL ON A SCALE UNLIKE ANY I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED.

AND THOSE SUPERHUMAN CREATURES I HAVE SO FAR ENCOUNTERED ARE NOT THE PRIME AUTHORS OF IT ALL.

WHO IS?

AND WHERE IS HIS VICTIM?

AH. THERE. HANGING LIKE A SLAUGHTERED LAMB...

AND CLAD IN THE GARB OF SOMEONE OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S OR DR. STRANGE'S ILK.

WHO IS THIS MAN WHO SUFFERED SO--?

SSHTOOM

WHO DARES--?!

I DARE, LITTLE DEMON!

I, DEATHURGE-- HERALD OF OBLIVION!

MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE DIMENSIONALLY DISPLACED BODY OF EON...

HAHAH

SEE WHAT I HAVE ON MY *WRISTS*, YOU CORPULENT CHRONOCOSM!

THE *QUANTUM-BANDS*--WEAPONS YOU IMBUED WITH NIGH-INFINITE POWER!

WEAPONS YOU GAVE TO YOUR MEWLING PROTECTOR TO WEAR UNTO HIS *DEATH*!

THAT TIME HAS COME, EON--AND NOW I, *MAELSTROM*, THE SCOURGE OF THE UNIVERSE, POSSESS THEM!

ARE YOU AFRAID, EON--AS I VAPORIZE LARGE *SWATHS* THROUGH YOUR BLOATED CORPSE WITH EACH IRRESISTIBLE *STROKE OF FORCE*?

YOU *DO* KNOW WHY I'M HERE, DON'T YOU? YOUR *COSMIC AWARENESS* MUST HAVE ASCERTAINED THAT BY NOW.

I AM HERE TO *KILL* YOU, BUT NOT BEFORE YOU SURRENDER TO ME THE SECRET ART OF ATTUNING ONE'S *CONSCIOUSNESS* TO THE INFINITE SELF-AWARENESS OF THE UNIVERSE ITSELF!

MY DESTROYER HAS COME AS I ALWAYS KNEW HE MUST. AND MY PROTECTOR IS BEYOND MY POWERS OF RECKONING. TRULY THE MOMENT OF MY DEMISE DRAWS NEAR.

EARTH...

YOU ARE BUT A PHANTASM, DEATHURGE-- YOUR POWER HOLDS NO SWAY OVER BEINGS LIKE MYSELF!

YOUR KNOWLEDGE IS EVEN MORE PATHETIC THAN YOUR POWER, LITTLE DEMON!

YOU CALL YOURSELF THE SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE--

--APPARENTLY OBLIVIOUS TO WHAT A PAROCHIAL CONCEPT YOU WOULD EMBODY!

I PERSONIFY A UNIVERSAL CONCEPT, SHARED BY ALL LIVING BEINGS EVERYWHERE!

I AM SO FAR BEYOND YOUR KEN YOU WILL BE UNABLE TO EVEN APPRECIATE THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TROUNCING YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE.

BEYOND DEATH LIES NOTHINGNESS...

...AND QUASAR.

HUH--?

WH--WHERE AM--?

DYING MAKES YOU STUTTER, HUH?

HADN'T HEARD THAT BEFORE.

YOU'RE DEAD, BUNKIE. I KILLED YA--AS YOU ASKED, YOU'LL RECALL--BY EXTINGUISHIN' THAT LAST ITTY BITTY EMBER OF LIFE THAT YER BRUTALLY BATTERED BOD CLUNG ONTO!

THEN WHERE IS THIS?

BELIEVE ME. I WISH I KNEW. LIKE THIS KINDA THING NEVER HAPPENED TA ME BEFORE.

BUT YOU'RE AN AVATAR OF DEATH, KID--HOW CAN DEATH HOLD ANY SURPRISES FOR YOU?

HEY. OFF MY CASE, I JUST WORK HERE.

MY GUESS IS THAT EON'S DOING THIS. HE REANIMATED CAPTAIN MAR-VELL AND MY DAD, AFTER ALL.*

MY PROTECTOR--

*LAST ISSUE.

HEY, HEAR THAT? THAT'S EON'S VOICE!

HE'S UNDER ATTACK. I MUST HELP HIM!

THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW WHAT I KNOW NOW.

WHY? YOU QUIT BEING PROTECTOR OF THE PUNYVERSE, 'MEMBER?

DO ME A FAVOR--HOLD OPEN MY CAPE.

LIKE SO?

YES. FOR SOME REASON, I FINALLY KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR.

WHOA--BUNKIE, YOU DITCHIN' ME?

YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME ALONG PROVIDED YOU CAN KEEP UP.

THIS IS THE COOLEST FUN I'VE HAD IN MY ENTIRE DEATH--WOULDN'T MISS A MINUTE! HANG ON, BUNKIE--*KID REAPER* IS COMIN' THROUGH!

BENEATH MALCOLM STROMBERG'S MANSION, THE WINE CELLAR...

KEN? HEATHER? WHAT DO YOU THINK'S GOING ON UP THERE?

SOUNDS LIKE... FIGHTING...!

'THOUGH MY PSYCHIC POWERS ARE STILL BEING DAMPENED BY ONE OF THOSE WEIRD SISTERS, I ALMOST SEEM TO SENSE SOMETHING GOOD UPSTAIRS... SOMETHING ON OUR SIDE...

OKAY, YOU THREE-- COME ON UP!

IT'S THEM-- THE WEIRD SISTERS.

WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?

YOU'LL SEE. NOW MOVE--DON'T MAKE US COME DOWN FOR YOU.

GO ON... WE'D BETTER DO AS SHE SAYS. TRUST ME.

YOU SURE?

DON'T KNOW IF ANY OF THEM ARE TELEPATHS. I KNOW A MANTRA THAT WILL MASK MY CONSCIOUS THOUGHTS...

QUIT DAWDLING! EUUUW, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAIR?

TO TELL THE LIKES OF YOU...

...WOULD BE HERESY.

KAYLA! KEN! RUN!

WUGG BRA

COME ON! ANOTHER FLIGHT TO GO TO GET TO THE *MAIN FLOOR!*

YOU... SNEAKY... *WITCH...!*

I WISH I'D'VE BEEN ABLE TO CARRY *THREE* BOTTLES--ONE OF THE SISTERS IS LEFT *STANDING!*

LORD MAELSTROM CALLS ME *TRUTH...*

...FOR MY HANDS BECOME GLEAMING SWORDS ABLE TO CUT THROUGH ALL *FALLACIES, FACADES,* AND *FALSEHOODS!*

YOU, *H.O. STECKLEY*--ARE *MORE* THAN YOU APPEAR. WHAT SAY I *FLENSE* YOU OF YOUR PRETENSIONS--REVEAL WHAT *TRUTHS* LIE BENEATH THE SURFACE.

DID I JUST SEE WHAT I *THOUGHT* I SAW?

AAAAIEH!

YOU WANT *TRUTH*, WOMAN? HERE IT IS: I AM SOMETIMES CALLED *MOONDRAGON--*

--AND THIS IS HOW THE DRAGON WHIPS ITS *TAIL!*

WHOUGH!

THE BODY OF EON...

WE'RE HERE.

WAY COOL.

BUT NO SIGN OF MAELSTROM.

UH, QUAZE...?

YEAH?

THE WALL'S JUST SPROUTED A FACE.

MAELSTROM IS ABOUT NINETY THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE, IN YOUR SYSTEM OF MEASURE. HE IS AT THE BASE OF MY BRAIN.

NINETY TH--? JUST HOW BIG ARE YOU ANYWAY, EON?

SIX POINT ONE NINE MILLION MILES ACROSS.

WHAT...?

THIS IS MY TRUE SIZE. WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF AS MY BODY WAS SIMPLY A TINY PSEUDOPOD OF MYSELF THAT I EXTENDED INTO YOUR SPACE.

OH. OKAY. SO... WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO TO PROTECT YOU? I...DON'T HAVE MY QUANTUM-BANDS ANYMORE.

NO MATTER. YOUR ETHEREAL FORM POSSESSES CERTAIN INHERENT CAPACITIES.

OKAY. SO WHAT DO I...?

YOU MUST KILL ME.

WHAT--?

YOU MUST KILL ME TO PREVENT MAELSTROM FROM COMPLETING HIS THEFT OF MY COSMIC AWARENESS.

DOES DEATH MEAN THE SAME TO YOUR KIND AS IT DOES TO MINE...OR CAN YOU COME BACK LIKE THE WATCHERS DID?

I DO NOT KNOW. I'VE NEVER DIED BEFORE.

IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP MAELSTROM.

MATTERS TO ME. IF EON'S KEEPING MY ENERGY FORM TOGETHER--

--KILLING HIM WILL END MY LIFE TOO.

LOOK, KID--YOU'VE GOT TO SWEAR TO DO THREE THINGS FOR ME WHEN I'M GONE--!

YEAH?

FIRST, MAKE SURE I'M REALLY DEAD THIS TIME SO MAELSTROM CAN'T USE ME IN ANY WAY.

SECOND, CHECK UP ON MY FRIENDS--HELP THEM GET AWAY.

THIRD, TELL THE AVENGERS ABOUT MAELSTROM SO THEY CAN KICK HIS BUTT.

OKAY, BUNKIE, I PROMISE.

EON--I'M READY. TELL ME HOW TO KILL YOU.

I WILL GUIDE YOU--

"--TO THE CENTER OF MY *BRAIN.*"

AHHHHH, THE SECRETS OF THE *UNIVERSE* UNFOLDING BEFORE ME--!

NEVER IN MY WILDEST *FLIGHTS OF FANCY* DID I DREAM THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE INFINITE WOULD FEEL LIKE *THIS*--!

TRULY, THIS IS *HEAVEN!*

EH...?

WHOA--!

QUASAR...?!?

STRIKE HERE AND I WILL SUFFER INSTANTANEOUS *BRAIN-DEATH!*

WHAT WAS *THAT!?* I HEARD SOMETHING!

YOU ARE NOT GOING TO *STOP ME NOW*, QUASAR! I HAVE COME TOO FAR TO BE STOPPED BY A *GHOST!*

UP YOURS, MAELSTROM!

THIS IS IT.

OKAY, NOTHINGNESS-- *HERE I COME!*

GRRRRRRRR

NO!

STROMBERG'S MANSION...

FALL, LITTLE DEMON! WHY WON'T YOU FALL?

YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT IS NOT ALIVE, DEATHURGE.

A MERE TECHNICALITY! IT IS OBLIVION I SERVE, NOT DEATH!

AND THAT WHICH DOES NOT LIVE MAY ALSO SUCCUMB TO OBLIVION.

THE BLACK PHANTASM PULLS A LENGTH OF CHAIN FROM THE DARK CAVITY OF HIS TORSO.

KRRWNK

THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE TO DRAW HIM CLOSER.

HA! I HAVE DISMOUNTED YOU!

BEREFT OF YOUR VEHICLE, I SHALL SHATTER YOUR BONES AGAINST THE WALLS AND SCATTER THEM THROUGHOUT THE MANSION.

I MUST CLIMB QUICKLY

--AND GIVE THIS WRAITH MY PENANCE STARE.

YOUR GAZE DOES NOT FRIGHTEN ME, LITTLE DEMON--

--BUT I FIND YOUR TENACITY TIRESOME.

IN YOUR OWN WAY, YOU SERVE OBLIVION, TOO.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

HE'S GONE, LEAVING ME TO PONDER WHY. DID MY PENANCE STARE **AFFECT** HIM MORE THAN HE LET ON?

WAS HE CALLED AWAY ON MORE **URGENT BUSINESS?**

OR WAS HE TRULY **BORED** WITH OUR STRUGGLE?

I DON'T KNOW, AND THE **HANGING DEAD MAN** IS NOT LIKELY TO TELL EITHER.

DEATHURGE WAS **NOT** THE ONE WHO SPILLED HIS **INNOCENT BLOOD.**

WHOEVER DID IS **NOT HERE.**

HOW CAN I **AVENGE** HIS DEATH WHEN HIS KILLER IS **NOWHERE TO BE FOUND?**

I **CANNOT.** I CAN ONLY REMOVE HIS LIFELESS BODY FROM ITS PLACE OF **TORMENT.**

MAY YOU **YET** BE AVENGED, CAPED MAN.

EON'S BRAIN...

I'M...

I'M...

I'M STILL *HERE*.

DID I *FAIL*?

IS EON *NOT DEAD*?

YOU *KILLED* HIM! YOU UNMITIGATED FOOL! YOU KILLED YOUR OWN *MENTOR*!

YOU PUT A *HOLE* RIGHT THROUGH HIS BRAIN!

THEN EON *WASN'T* ANIMATING ME. BUT... *WHO WAS*?

OH, MAN--WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME NOW...?

YOU! YOU HAVE THE SECRET OF *COSMIC AWARENESS*! SO *THAT* WAS HIS PLAN--TO HAVE YOU *KILL HIM* SO HE COULD PASS THE SECRET ON TO *YOU*!

WHEW--MAELY'S *FIT TO BE TIED*!

GIVE IT TO ME, BOY! THE SECRET MUST BE ALL MINE!

I UNDERSTAND SO MUCH NOW... I CAN FINALLY SEE MY PLACE IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS... I NOW KNOW WHY I COULD BYPASS DEATH...

I SAID GIVE IT TO ME, OR I SWEAR TO YOU THERE WILL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY!

NO, MAELSTROM. IT'S MINE. AND IN THIS FORM THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME ANYMORE.

NOT TO YOU PERHAPS--BUT TO EVERYTHING YOU VALUE!

HEY, BUNKIE, MAEL'S TAKEN A POWDER AND THIS PLACE IS STARTING TO GET RIPE. WHAT SAY WE SCRAM?

ALL RIGHT. I KNOW WHERE MAELSTROM WENT.

I KNOW ANYTHING I PUT MY MIND TO.

REAL SPACE, FIFTY MILLION MILES FROM EARTH...

MOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S THAT NUTCASE *UP* TO?

I'M NOT SURE. I SLIPPED OUT OF MY *INFINITY-TRANCE* WHILE WE WERE IN TRANSIT...

I COULD...

NO, YOU'RE *ANNOYING* WHEN YOU GO SPACEY. LET'S GO *ASK HIM.*

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*, MAELSTROM?

AUGMENTING MY *NATURAL CONTROL* OVER *KINETIC ENERGY* WITH THE MIGHT OF THE *QUANTUM-BANDS*...

WHAT FOR?

WHY, TO STOP THE *EARTH'S ROTATION*, OF COURSE!

HERE GOES!

SUDDENLY, THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THOSE WITH **HEIGHTENED SENSES** ARE THE FIRST TO FEEL IT --

--AS THE EARTH'S ROTATION BEGINS TO SLOWLY GRIND TO A HALT.

MISTER FANTASTIC.

MOONDRAGON!

DOCTOR DRUID!

ORIGIN!

PHOENIX!

DOCTOR STRANGE!

MOONGLOW!

THE BLACK CROW!

TALISMAN!

SHAMAN!

SPIDER-MAN!

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK I CAN APPLY *THE BRAKES* TO EARTH'S ROTATION BEFORE *INTERNAL STRESSES* CAUSE MASSIVE *TECTONIC PLATE UPHEAVALS*... HMMM?

UH-OH. I THINK I HEAR THE *SAN ANDREAS FAULT* STARTING TO GIVE...

LET IT GO!!!

OOOH, GIVE ME *MORE*, QUASAR! YOU *KNOW* HOW THE QUANTUM-BANDS WORK! THEY JUST *LOVE* FEEDING OFF OTHER PEOPLE'S ENERGIES!

WHAT DO I DO? IF I *GIVE HIM* WHAT HE WANTS, HE'LL KNOW HOW TO USE HIS POWER ON A *COSMIC SCALE!* BUT IF I *DON'T*, I DOOM EVERY *MAN, WOMAN,* AND *CHILD* ON EARTH!

THE GOOD OF THE *FEW*--OR THE GOOD OF THE *MANY!*

WHY MUST *I* BE THE ONE TO *DECIDE?!*

IMPULSIVE YOUTH! DISAPPEARING LIKE THAT, HE'S JUST SIGNED THE *EARTH'S DEATH WARRANT!*

AND YOU *KNOW* SOMETHING, SPECK OF DEATH? I DON'T *NEED* THE BOY'S COSMIC AWARENESS.

I *ALREADY* POSSESS IT. HE WAS *TOO LATE* IN KILLING EON.

I ONLY WANTED HIM TO *GIVE IT UP--*

--SO I'D BE THE *ONLY ONE* OF US TO *HAVE* IT!

AS FOR *YOU--*

--YOU'VE *OUTLIVED* YOUR PURPOSE! *BEGONE!*

NOW AS THE EARTH WINDS DOWN LIKE A *MECHANICAL TOY*, I TAKE MY LEAVE OF IT FOREVER.

I HAVE *BIGGER THINGS* TO ATTEND TO.

MAEL-STROM! HOW GOES IT?

COSMIC AWARENESS IS *MINE*, DEATHURGE

I UNDERSTAND THE *INFRASTRUCTURE* OF THE UNIVERSE--HOW EVERYTHING IS *RELATED* TO EVERYTHING ELSE!

KNOWLEDGE IS THE *ABSOLUTE POWER!*

STOPPING THE EARTH'S ROTATION IS BUT THE MEREST *PRELUDE* TO MY *ULTIMATE GOAL--*

--TO STOP THE *KINETIC MOTION* OF THE *UNIVERSE ITSELF--*

--REVERSE ITS *DIRECTION*, AND CAUSES THE COSMOS TO *COLLAPSE* UPON ITSELF!

NEXT: *REALITY'S END!*